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N 23
JULY

ID.

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

10¢

**WORLD'S
Greatest
SUPERNATURAL
STORIES!**



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AMERICAN
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GIANT S.

No 33
JULY

ADVENTURE UNKNOWN

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10¢

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GREATEST
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STORIES!



THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and CHEER for a
ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!



You'll GASP AT
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

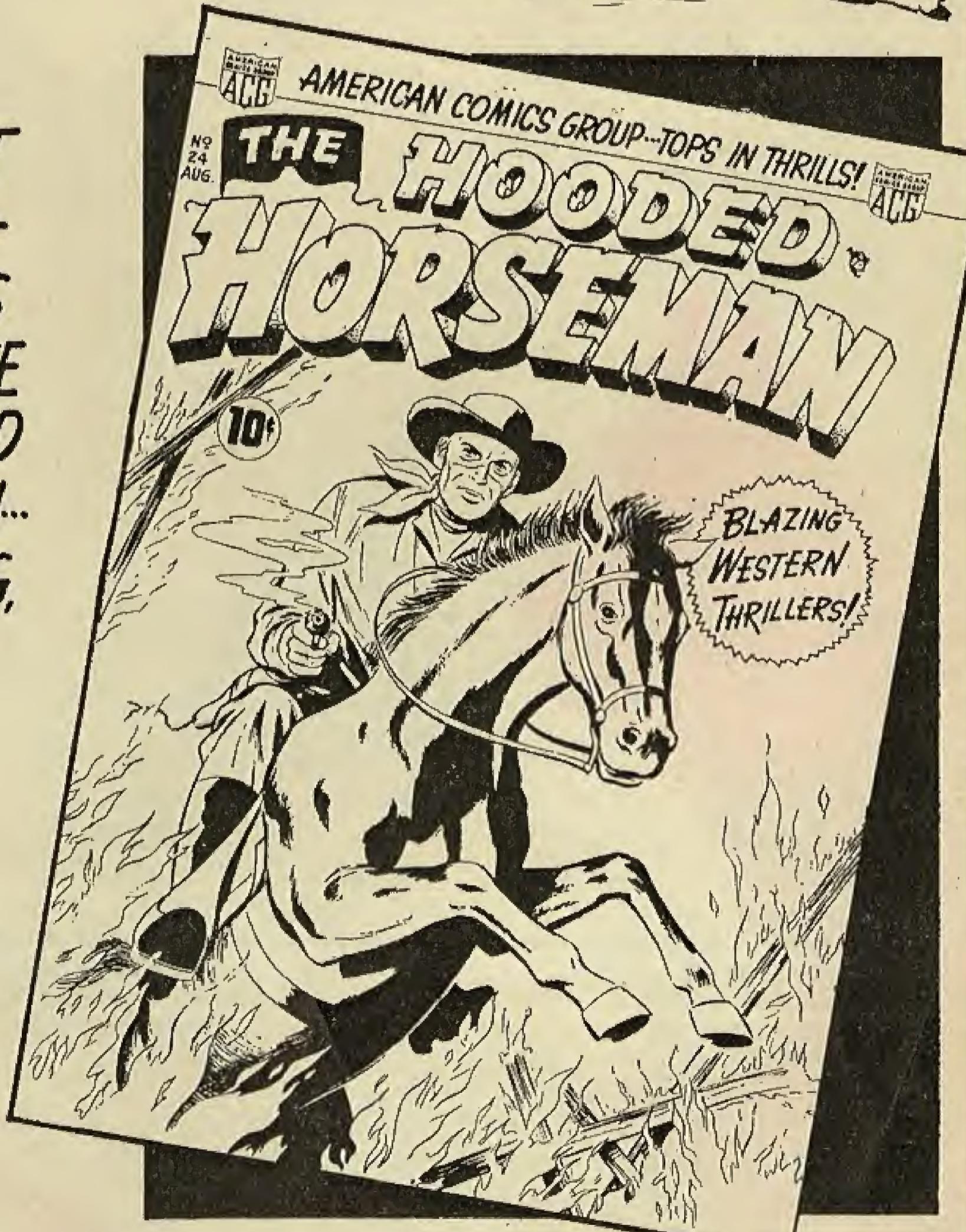
You've NEVER read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...

don't miss

THE HOODED
HORSEMAN!

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



10¢ ON ALL STANDS

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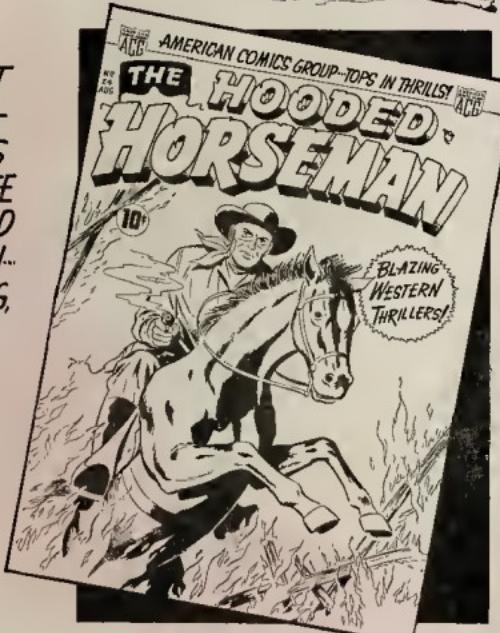
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THE HOODED
HORSEMAN!



10¢ ON ALL STANDS

WHEN WEREWOLVES HOWL



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A WEREWOLF AS A PET, READER? FRIGHTENING... BUT INTRIGUING, ISN'T IT? YOU MIGHT TRY TO TAME IT, JUST AS BOBBY LARSON DID-- BUT WHAT WOULD YOU DO WHEN THE KILLER-PACK HOWLED IN THE EERIE MIDNIGHT, SUMMONING YOUR PET FROM YOUR BEDSIDE -- SETTING HIS BLOOD AFIRE WITH THE AGE OLD DESIRE FOR HUMAN PREY?

ON THE LARSON FARM...

EASY, SON - FLASH'LL NEVER GET UP AGAIN - NOT WHEN HE'S BEEN MANGLED LIKE THAT! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER CRITTER THAT COULD'VE DONE THAT TO A FIGHTER LIKE HIM -- A TIMBER WOLF!

OH, FLASH.. FLASH!



LOOK AT THOSE BLOODSTAINS LEADING INTO THE WOODS! FLASH MUST'VE PUT UP A GOOD SCRAP. MAYBE WE CAN TRACK THE CRITTER TO ITS LAIR! WAIT HERE, BOBBY--

I'LL GET MY SHOTGUN!

G... GET MY B-B GUN, TOO, DAD.. MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO AVENGE FLASH!



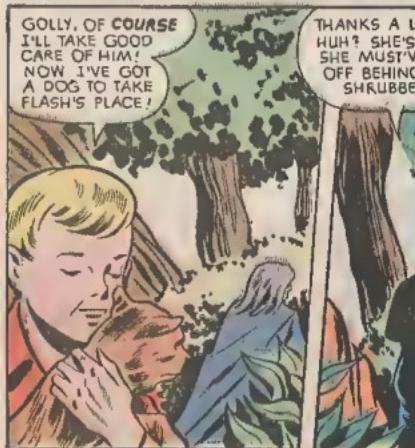
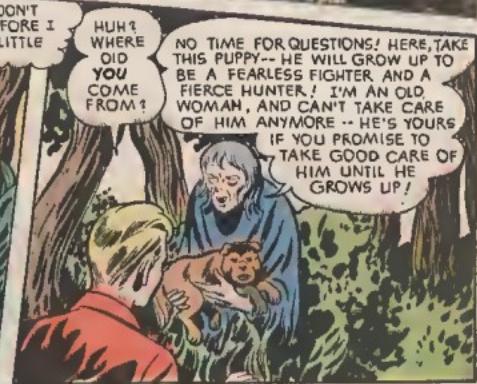
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THEY... THEY'VE CHANGED BACK INTO THEIR NATURAL FORMS-- THEY'RE DEAD! AND I... I'M BADLY WOUNDED.. I'D BETTER GET OUT THE BACK WAY BEFORE THOSE HUMANS COME IN!





LATER... YOU SAY AN OLD WOMAN GAVE YOU THAT CRITTER? BUT THAT'S NO PUPPY-- I KNOW A WOLF CUB WHEN I SEE ONE! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF IT!

OH, NO, DAD-- I WAS COUNTING ON IT TO TAKE FLASH'S PLACE! I PROMISE I'LL TRAIN IT SO IT'LL BE AS TAME AS A DOG! PLEASE LET ME KEEP IT--

THE POOR BOY'S UPSET BY FLASH'S DEATH, AND I DON'T HAVE THE HEART TO DISAPPOINT HIM! MAYBE HE CAN TAME IT... IT'S WORTH A CHANCE!



IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE TAMED, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO START LEARNING SOME MANNERS! SO JUST SIT UP AND BEG FOR THIS BONE -- COME ON-- SIT UP AND BEG!

SUDDENLY...



THEN, IN AN EQUAL SWIFT TRANSFORMATION...

IT... IT WAS A BABY-- AND NOW IT'S CHANGED BACK INTO A CUB! MOM... DAD... COME HERE-- QUICK!



THE CUB CHANGED INTO A HUMAN INFANT-- AND THEN BACK TO A CUB AGAIN? IMPOSSIBLE!

IT'S ALL RIGHT TO PRETEND SUCH A THING HAPPENED, BOBBY-- BUT IF YOU SAY IT REALLY HAPPENED, THEN YOU'RE TELLING A LIE!

BUT IT DID HAPPEN! IT CHANGED INTO A BABY WHEN IT COULDN'T REACH THE BONE-- HERE, I'LL TRY IT AGAIN AND SHOW YOU!

GOLLY-- IT... IT DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK NOW! AND IT DIDN'T WORK BEFORE EITHER! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU, BOBBY-- BUT IF YOU PERSIST IN TELLING SUCH A RIDICULOUS LIE, YOU'LL HAVE TO BE PUNISHED-- PERHAPS BY TAKING THE PUP AWAY FROM YOU!



I'M SURE I DIDN'T IMAGINE THAT YOU CHANGED, BOY.. AND THE ONLY OTHER EXPLANATION IS THAT YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE WEREWOLVES I'VE READ ABOUT! I GUESS YOU WANTED THAT BONE SO BADLY THAT YOU FORGOT YOU SHOULDN'T REVEAL YOUR SECRET TO A HUMAN! WELL, IF YOU FORGOT YOURSELF ONCE, YOU'LL DO IT AGAIN-- AND I'LL JUST WAIT FOR IT!



THAT NIGHT... THE ENCYCLOPEDIA SAYS THAT WILD WOLVES GENERALLY LIVE TO THE AGE OF 10-- WHICH WOULD MAKE A 10 YEAR OLD WOLF THE SAME AS AN 80 YEAR OLD HUMAN! THAT MEANS THAT A 10 YEAR OLD WERE-WOLF WOULD TURN INTO AN 8 YEAR OLD HUMAN-- AND SINCE THE CUB IS ABOUT 3 MONTHS OLD NOW-- IT'S ABOUT 2 YEARS OLD ON THE HUMAN SCALE-- AND THAT INFANT I SAW WAS ABOUT TWO YEARS OLD!



THAT PROVES MY THEORY IS CORRECT! I'LL CALL THE CUB LUPUS-- AND TRAIN IT AND TEACH IT AS IF IT WERE A HUMAN-- UNTIL IT TRUSTS ME ENOUGH TO CHANGE INTO A HUMAN WHEN I ASK IT TO!



AS THE MONTHS PASS FLEETINGLY...

IT'S BEEN ABOUT 9 MONTHS SINCE I SAW YOU CHANGE INTO A HUMAN, LUPUS-- WHICH MEANS THAT YOU'RE ABOUT A YEAR OLD NOW AS A WOLF, OR ABOUT 3 YEARS OLD AS A HUMAN! I'M SURE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING-- SO I'LL TELL YOU AGAIN THAT I'M YOUR FRIEND-- AND YOU CAN TRUST ME TO KEEP YOUR SECRET! THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU TO STAY IN YOUR WOLF-FORM WHEN WE'RE ALONE.. OH, OH, MOM'S CALLING ME!

BOBBY...
BOBBIEEE!



THAT CHICKEN HAS BEEN CLAWED AND BITTEN TO DEATH-- AND THE ONLY CREATURE ON THE FARM THAT WOULD DO THAT IS LUPUS! IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN, HE'LL HAVE TO BE SHOT!

ALL RIGHT, MOM...
I'LL MAKE SURE HE
DOESN'T DO IT
AGAIN!



OKAY, LUPUS-- IT'S TIME FOR A SHOWDOWN! EITHER YOU CHANGE INTO YOUR HUMAN STATE AND WE HAVE A HEART TO HEART TALK-- OR ELSE!

MY BLUFF IS WORKING.. HE LOOKS SCARED!



SUDDENLY...
IN A DAZZLING
TRANS-
FORMA-
TION...

I WAS
RIGHT ALL
ALONG--
YOU ARE
A WERE-
WOLF!

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT! I WAS
HOPING YOU'D FORGET THAT
ONE TIME I MADE THE MISTAKE
OF SHOWING YOU MY WERE-
NATURE,
BUT YOU
DIDN'T!





BUT
WITHIN
A YEAR,
WHEN
BOBBY
AND
LUPUS
WERE
BOTH
AT THE
HUMAN
AGE
OF 16,
TROUBLE
BEGAN...

CLOSE THAT WINDOW... IT'S FREEZING OUTSIDE! MAYBE IF YOU'D LET ME TEACH YOU HOW TO READ, YOU WOULDN'T BE SO RESTLESS!

HOW CAN I HELP BEING RESTLESS... WHEN I BELONG OUT THERE WITH MY KIND? THEIR HOWLS SET MY BLOOD AFIRE-- I... I MUST JOIN THEM-- I MUST!



LUPUS-- COME BACK! COME BACK! -- HE'S CHANGED BACK INTO HIS WOLF STATE!



HOURS LATER, IN THE COLD LIGHT OF DAWN...

LUPUS-- WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

I... I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF-- I JOINED THE WOLF-PACK OUT IN THE WOODS! IT'S BEEN A BAD WINTER, OUT IN THE HILLS-- THEY'VE COME INTO THE VALLEY TO PREY ON CATTLE AND SHEEP-- AND I... I HELPED THEM!



I WAS POWERLESS TO RESIST MY NATURE! I LED THE WOLF-PACK TO ONE OF YOUR FATHER'S STRAY COWS-- I EVEN HELPED THEM KILL IT! I'M SORRY I COULDN'T LIVE UP TO THAT PROMISE I MADE A YEAR AGO, BOBBY-- I GUESS THIS MEANS THE END OF OUR FRIENDSHIP!

I JUST CAME BACK TO SAY

NO-- YOU CAN'T LEAVE!
YOU'VE BECOME ALMOST A BROTHER TO ME; STAY HERE--
MAYBE MY DAD WON'T KNOW
YOU WERE ONE OF THE WOLVES
THAT KILLED THE COW!



BUT JOHN, YOU CAN'T JUST GO UP TO BOBBY'S ROOM AND KILL HIS PET IN COLD BLOOD!

I'VE GOT TO, MARTHA! THE TRACKS OF ONE OF THE WOLVES THAT KILLED THAT STRAY LEO STRAIGHT TO THIS HOUSE-- THEY MUST HAVE BEEN MADE BY LUPUS! I'M GOING TO GET RID OF THAT KILLER, RIGHT NOW!

GOLLY... I'D BETTER BOLT THAT DOOR-- FAST!

BOBBY-- OPEN THE DOOR!
IS LUPUS IN THERE
WITH YOU?

HURRY, LUPUS-- OUT
THE WINDOW!
AND... SO LONG!



BOBBY-- WHAT'S TAKING
YOU SO LONG? OPEN
THIS DOOR IMMEDIATELY!

JUST... JUST A MINUTE, DAD!



MOMENTS LATER...

THEN WHERE IS LUPUS IF
HE'S NOT HERE? WAIT--
WOLF-TRACKS LEADING
AWAY FROM THE WINDOW!
HE'LL BE EASY TO TRACK
IN THIS SOFT SNOW--
I'M GOING AFTER
HIM!

I CAN'T LET LUPUS DIE-- I'LL
HAVE TO STOP DAD
SOME WAY!

I.... I'LL GET YOUR
HUNTING JACKET, DAD--
I'M GOING WITH YOU!

I'M GLAD YOU REALIZE THAT LUPUS IS A
TERRIBLE MENACE, SON-- AND I'M PROUD
THAT YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH TO WANT TO BE
IN THE KILL! WE'LL TRACK HIM TO HIS
LAIR SOON ENOUGH--

AND THEN I'LL
BLAST HIM TO
KINGDOM COME!

HE DOESN'T KNOW
THAT I TOOK OUT ALL
THE SPARE SHOTGUN
SHELLS FROM HIS
HUNTING JACKET-- IF
HE MISSES THE FIRST
SNOTS, LUPUS WILL
GO FREE!



SUDDENLY-- SKULKING SHAPES EMERGE FROM
THE GLOOM OF THE WOODS!

LOOK, DAD--
WOLVES--
A WHOLE
PACK OF
THEM!

GREAT SCOTT-- THEY'VE GOT US
SURROUNDED! DON'T LOSE YOUR
NERVE, BOBBY-- WE'RE SAFE AS LONG
AS MY AMMUNITION HOLDS OUT!



WHY-- I... I
DON'T HAVE
ANY MORE
SHELLS!

I... I NEVER DREAMED
WE'D NEED THOSE SHELLS!

THE... THE WOLVES ARE
COMING BACK AGAIN,
DAD! WHAT'LL
WE DO?

WE CAN'T MAKE A RUN FOR IT-- THEY'D HAUL US
DOWN BEFORE WE WENT A DOZEN STEPS! AND THOSE
BRUTES ARE RAVENOUS, GALANT WITH HUNGER--
THEY'RE LIABLE TO CHARGE US ANY MINUTE!
BUT WE'LL GO DOWN
FIGHTING, SON!

WAIT-- THERE'S LUPUS-- I
RECOGNIZE HIM! MAYBE
HE'S COMING TO HELP US!





THE END

EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

THESE'S summer in the air—and to most, it spells time for relaxation—for pursuing pleasure in a variety of ways. But for us it spells a busman's holiday—to be spent in our favorite diversion, hunting haunts! For the fascination of the Unknown knows no seasons, and publishing America's greatest comics magazine of the Supernatural is a year-round job which allows for no respite. And so, as we call to order this month's meeting of the countless loyal fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown," we do so with the knowledge that ahead of us lies a busy schedule. We plan to make this the greatest summer in our magazine's history—to while away your hours with the most exciting and challenging issues we've ever published.

We don't mind admitting that you've helped us mightily in this endeavor. Yes, you—our best friends and severest critics! We've invited your criticism at all times, and we thank you for it. You've made known your likes and dislikes; told us exactly what you wanted to see in "Adventures Into The Unknown." And we've done our level best to bring it to you! And this, the first of our summer issues, shows the result of adhering to your wants in framing an all-star number that brings the Supernatural into thrilling life! We guarantee you'll go all out for "When Werewolves Howl," one of the most fascinating weird tales any book has ever carried. But don't dare relax when you've finished it—you're in for further spine-tingling thrills in "The Monsters Strike!" Then there's "The Girl Who Died Twice!"—an eerie yarn that will grip you. "The Loir of Lost Souls" is a strange story of jungle mystery—and "Fiend of Midnight" is

a tease tale you'll never forget! Yes, we think it's a swell issue—what do you think?

Remember—we're waiting for your opinions! We'll print your letter, if we have space. Send it to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown," 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. And now let's dip into our mailbag and see what some of our other readers have to say!

"Dear Editor:

I was fortunate enough to see 'Adventures Into The Unknown' on the newsstands and more fortunate still to have bought a copy. I wonderfully opened it, for it was different from any comic magazine I had seen. I was fascinated by it. I realize that its popularity caused dozens of other magazines of this type to appear, but none of its imitators have been able to attain the high level of your stories and art work.

—R. A. MacDonell, Raleigh, N. C."

"Dear Editor:

Besides having the most sensational weird stories I've ever read, "Adventures Into The Unknown" also has wonderful art work. How about having your artists sign their work?

—Roy Nevlan, St. Paul, Minn."

"Dear Editor:

In my opinion, "Adventures Into The Unknown" is the best comic published. I've compared it with a 130-page magazine of long novelet weird stories, and truthfully can say that your beautifully illustrated magazine is better.

—Warren Freiberg, Cicero, Ill."

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"True" GHOSTS of HISTORY

MARIE ANTOINETTE

Convicted of the charge of High Treason to the State during the French Revolution, the Queen was led to the Guillotine on October 16th, 1793-- and beheaded!



MARIE ANTOINETTE WAS ONE OF FRANCE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL AND PLEASURE-LOVING QUEENS-- AND EVEN DEATH HAS APPARENTLY BEEN UNABLE TO KEEP HER RESTLESS SPIRIT IN HER GRAVE!

YES, THE QUEEN APPARENTLY LOVED THE PLEASURES OF LIFE TOO MUCH TO GIVE THEM UP SO EASILY-- FOR ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 16TH, 1794, A FEW ASTONISHED PEASANTS SAW AN INCREDIBLE WRAITH RISING FROM THE COBBLESTONES WHERE THE GUILLOTINE HAD STOOD!



EACH YEAR, IT IS SAID, THE GHOST OF MARIE ANTOINETTE MATERIALIZES ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER EXECUTION TO WALK THE STREETS FOR A FEW BRIEF HOURS. HER HANDS STRETCHED BEFORE HER AS IF TO FEEL THE WAY FOR HER SIGHTLESS BODY!

THE YEARS HAVE PASSED, NEW BUILDINGS HAVE ARisen ON THE SIGHT OF THE OLD EXECUTION SQUARE-- BUT STILL, THE LOCAL PARISIANS SAY, THE HEADLESS GHOST OF MARIE ANTOINETTE CAN BE SEEN BY THOSE WHO DARE TO BE AT THE SITE ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 16TH!



THE MONSTERS STRIKE!



Can modern men defend themselves against beings from **THE AGE OF ICE?** Here's the startling answer--as ruthless cavemen, preserved in suspended animation through the centuries, invade a city--and match savage cunning against the weapons of science!

OUTSIDE THE CIVIC MUSEUM
OF NATURAL HISTORY --

THAT WAS AN URGENT
MESSAGE I GOT, MARINA -- THE
RECEIVING CLERK PHONED TO SAY
THAT A SPECIAL SHIPMENT
WAS DELIVERED JUST AFTER
THE MUSEUM
CLOSED.

BUT WHY
MUST WE
OPEN IT
TONIGHT,
BILL?

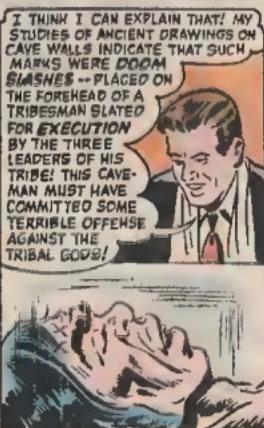
BECAUSE THE CRATE IS MARKED
FOR THE IMMEDIATE ATTENTION
OF THE CURATOR -- OPEN WITH
EXTREME CAUTION! I'M
PLENTY CURIOUS!



THIS IS GREAT--
IT'S FROM OUR ARCTIC
EXPEDITION! I'LL BET
THEY'VE MADE A
REAL FIND!

WELL? WHAT ARE
WE WAITING
FOR? FRY OFF
SIDE--AND LET'S
SEE WHAT'S
INSIDE!







AND HOW THE SLASH OF DOOM --
MEANING THE SENTENCE
WAS DEATH!



IT'S A RAGING DINOSAUR! AND LOOK! -- A
HURLED SPEAR IS HITTING -- IN A VITAL SPOT!



THEN ANOTHER PICTURE --
THE THREE CHIEFS ABOUT TO
CARRY OUT THE PENALTY!
BUT WAIT -- WHAT'S
THAT ON THE RIGHT?



CRASH!

IT'S EASY TO FIGURE OUT THE
REST, MARNA -- THE FOUR ICE AGE
MEN WERE ENTOMBED BY THE
AVALANCHE, THEIR BODIES FROZEN
INTO A STATE OF SUSPENDED
ANIMATION! THERE THEY REMAINED
THROUGHOUT THE AGES UNTIL OUR
ARCTIC EXPEDITION DUG THIS
CAVEMAN OUT OF HIS COLD TOMB!
THE HEAT HAS FINALLY
REVIVED HIM AND...

THEN, RISING OMINOUSLY FROM
THE CRATE - A DREAD ANSWER!

B-BILL!
LOOK! YE GODS - I DIDN'T
THINK TO LOOK AT WHAT
ELSE WAS PACKED IN
THAT CRATE! THE
THREE ICE AGE
CHIEFS!



YES, BUT THE THREE
TRIBAL CHIEFS WERE
BURIED IN
THE SAME
SPOT!
WHAT
BECAME
OF THEM?



STAND BACK -- YOU DEVILS! HOLY
SMOKE -- THEY WANT TO COMPLETE
THE EXECUTION, EVEN AFTER A
LAPSE OF CENTURIES!



SUDDENLY, AS THE SAVAGE STRENGTH
OF THE PREHISTORIC BEINGS
EXPLODES --



LOOK -- THEY'RE CARRYING
OUT THE AGE-OLD PENALTY!
IT -- IT'S HORRIBLE!

YES, AND THEY'LL ATTACK
US NEXT -- UNLESS I CAN
THINK OF A WAY TO
SCARE THEM OFF!



OHHHH ...
HERE THEY ARE
OUR ONLY CHANCE!
THEY LIVED BEFORE
MAN LEARNED TO USE
FIRE -- SO THEY'LL
PROBABLY BE
TERRIFIED OF IT!

SEE? THEY'RE
SHRINKING
BACK IN
FEAR!

YES, BUT
THEY'RE
HEADING
FOR THE
STREET
DOOR!

GOOD GRIEF! THEY'RE ESCAPING!
IF THEY'RE NOT CAPTURED IMMEDIATELY,
THEY'LL SPREAD PANIC AND
TERROR ALL OVER
THE CITY!

GREAT
GUNS -- I MUST
BE SEEING
THINGS! H-HELP!
HELP!



WHIRLING LIKE AN ARCTIC STORM DOWN THE STREET --
THE CAVE MEN CUT A SWATH OF MURDER!

THEY WERE CAVE MEN,
I TELL YOU:
CAVE MEN!

HEAVEN HELP US,
OFFICER -- THOSE THINGS
WEREN'T HUMAN!



MEANWHILE, IN BILL'S OFFICE --

POLICE? LISTEN CAREFULLY! THREE
ICE AGE MEN ARE ON THE LOOSE! YES!
CAVE MEN! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! ALERT ALL
PATROLS! CALL OUT THE STATE GUARD!
YOU'VE GOT TO
STOP THOSE FIENDS!



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS THE PANIC SPREADS LIKE A WIND-LASHED PRAIRIE FIRE --

FLASH! ... LATEST REPORTS ON FUGITIVES... APPEARED IN NORTHEAST SECTION OF CITY AND ATTACKED TWO PEDESTRIANS, DESTROYED A BUILDING, TORE DOWN TELEPHONE POLES... STATE GUARD ENCIRCLING AREA... ALL PATROLS STAND BY FOR EMERGENCY INSTRUCTIONS...



CAPTURING THEM ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY; REMEMBER, THEY'RE CREATURES FROM AN ERA WHERE THEY FACED CONSTANT DANGER! THEY'VE LEARNED, INSTINCTIVELY, TO OUTWIT PURSUITERS! THEY'RE CANNY AS BEASTS IN THE JUNGLE!

IF YOU'RE RIGHT, WE'RE IN FOR PLENTY OF TROUBLE!



I'M WORRIED, BILL! I HAVE A STRANGE PREMONITION THOSE CAVEMEN WILL CIRCLE BACK -- AND ATTACK US!

RELAX, MARNA! I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AND HAVE THE POLICE POST A GUARD OUTSIDE!



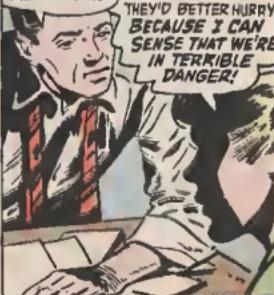
NEXT MORNING...

JUST AS BILL PREDICTED -- THEY'RE TOO CLEVER TO BE CAPTURED!



MINUTES LATER--

I'VE BEEN CHECKING THE REPORTS ALL NIGHT! THE CAVEMEN ARE LEAVING A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION-- BUT EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN IN THE STATE IS ORGANIZING TO HUNT THEM DOWN!



I'VE ALWAYS SAID YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF IMAGINATION, MARNA -- BUT TAKE IT EASY! MAYBE THIS IS THE POLICE NOW -- REPORTING THE CAVEMEN HAVE BEEN CAPTURED!



WHAT? THE CAVEMEN HAVE RETURNED TO THIS SECTION OF THE CITY! AND YOU'VE NOW LOST THEIR TRAIL! GOOD GRIEF!



YOUR HUNCH SEEMS TO BE WORKING OUT, MARNA! THE CAVEMEN MAY BE HEADING FOR THIS MUSEUM -- THE PLACE THEY DEPARTED FROM!



AFTER AN AGONIZING DAY OF SUSPENSE...

EVERY REPORT SAYS THE SAME THING: THE CAVEMEN HAVE DISAPPEARED! THEY'RE PROBABLY WAITING TO MOVE AGAIN UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS!



ARGH!

BILL!
LOOK
OUT!

OPERATOR!
QUICK-RUSH
THE POLICE
TO THE
CIVIC
MUSEUM!



WE'RE TRAPPED!
AND THERE'S NO FIRE TO PROTECT US NOW!

LET'S SCRAM, MARNA! INSTINCT TELLS THEM WE'RE THEIR DEADLY ENEMIES -- BECAUSE WE TRIED TO DEFEND THE CAVEMAN THEY EXECUTED! THEY AIM TO KILL US!



THAT GIVES US A MOMENT'S BREAK! RUN FOR IT, MARNA! RUN!

GRR-RRR!



LET'S HEAD FOR THE DINOSAUR ROOM, HONEY -- WE CAN SHAKE THEM THERE!



THROUGH THE DOOR ON THE OTHER END, MARNA! RUN!

I JUST REMEMBERED...
THOSE DOORS ARE LOCKED!
WE'RE TRAPPED!





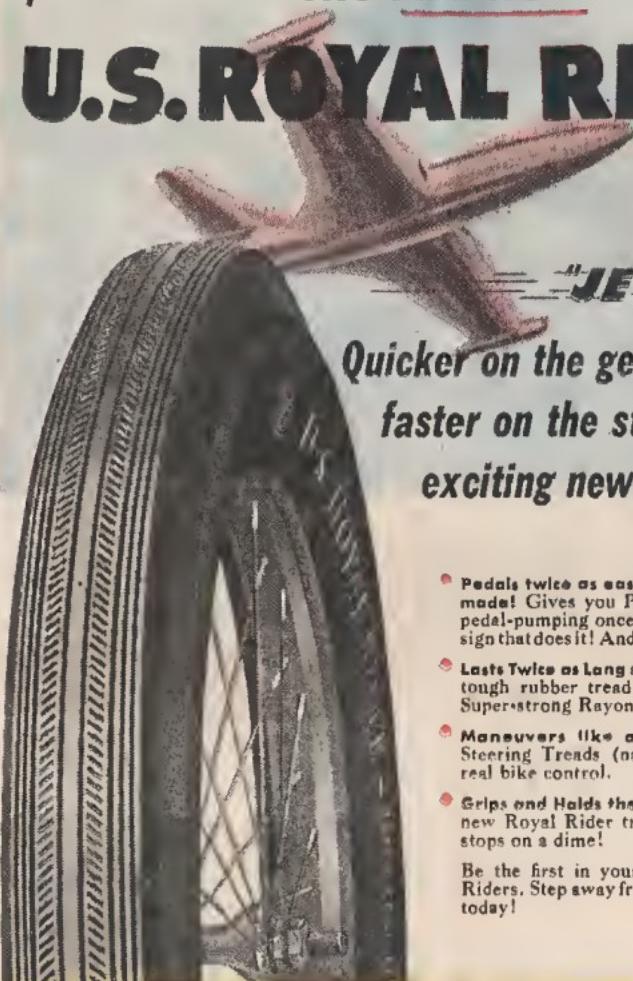
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PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

"True" GHOSTS of Antiquity

ONE OF THE EARLIEST-REPORTED GHOSTS OF HISTORY WAS THAT DESCRIBED IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. BY THE FAMED ROMAN NATURALIST, PLINY THE YOUNGER, WHO TOLD OF A NOTORIOUS HAUNTED HOUSE IN ATHENS WHICH BECAME INHABITABLE BECAUSE OF THE CONSTANT RATTLING OF BLOODY CHAINS WITHIN...



TEANTS WHO PERSISTED IN LIVING IN THE HOUSE WERE SAID TO HAVE DIED STRANGE, AGONIZING DEATHS—UNTIL THE PHILOSOPHER ATHENODORUS FINALLY RENTED IT FOR A RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICE!



ALL THROUGH THAT FIRST NIGHT IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE, ATHENODORUS IGNORED THE WEIRD RATTINGS OF CHAINS AROUND HIM WHILE HE WROTE BUSILY---BUT FINALLY...



WHAT WOULDST THOU OF ME, VISITOR FROM THE SHADES?



IN ANSWER, THE GHOST BECKONED ATHENODORUS TO FOLLOW HIM---AND THE PHILOSOPHER DID SO! THEN, IN THE COURTYARD BEHIND THE HOUSE...



AT THE SPOT THE GHOST HAD VANISHED THERE WAS FOUND A SKELETON WITH CHAINED HANDS AND FEET--- AND WHEN THE SKELETON WAS TAKEN AWAY AND BURIED PROPERLY, THE HAUNTED HOUSE LOST ITS GHOSTLY HAUNTING!



WARNING TO THE READER!

Once in a while we come across a story so eerie that we hesitate to publish it -- a story that makes you say, with a shudder, "That could happen to me!" Well, then -- unless you know exactly who all your ancestors were, proceed with caution as you read this tale of gasping thrills and strange love...

The GIRL WHO DIED TWICE!

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE PRESENT -- WITH A SCENE THAT GIVES NO HINT OF IMPENDING DISASTER --

OH, HARRY, THE KING'S BEAUTIFUL! ONLY--IT'S SO SUDDEN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

JUST SAY YOU'LL BECOME MRS. HARRY SLADE, SWEETHEART!

BUT I--I JUST MET YOU A MONTH AGO! EVEN THOUGH I'VE SEEN YOU EVERY DAY, I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT YOU!

THEN IT MUST BE TRUE LOVE, DEAREST! AFTER ALL, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT YOU, EITHER!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU
EVERYTHING ABOUT
MY FAMILY TREE -- HEY,
FORGET
IT!
THEN THERE WON'T
BE ANY DOUBT
IN YOUR MIND! I
WANT TO
SEE YOU LATER,
DARLING!

I KNOW
EVERYTHING I
WANT TO
ABOUT
YOU!

Later...

HOPE
THIS IS
THE RIGHT
PLACE...

D. BOWER
GENEALOGIST

AND THUS, WHAT STARTED AS A CASUAL JOKE, BECAME A DEADLY SERIOUS AFFAIR IN JESSIE'S MIND -- AND THE STAGE WAS SET FOR -- HORROR!

"... AND YOU SAY YOU THAT'S MY JOB,
MISS DAWES! CAN TRACE MY
ANCESTORS -- FIRST, LET ME
WAY BACK? ASK YOU A FEW
QUESTIONS ...

ONE WEEK LATER... RETURNING TO THE OFFICE OF DAN BOWER -- JESSIE LEARNED SHOCKING NEWS!

WELL, MISS DAWES -- YOUR FAMILY BACKGROUND IS A GOOD ONE -- AND YET -- THERE ARE A FEW--ER-- STRANGE THINGS I CAN'T EXPLAIN!

STRANGE? WHY -- WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IN THE PAST THREE HUNDRED YEARS, THERE HAVE BEEN TWO OTHER JESSIES IN THE DAWES FAMILY -- BUT I CAN FIND ONLY THEIR DEATH RECORDS!

THERE ARE NO BIRTH RECORDS!

-- FURTHERMORE, EACH JESSIE DAWES DIED VIOLENTLY -- IN SHORT, THEY WERE MURDERED!



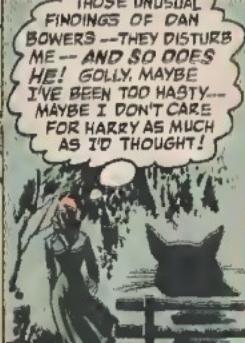
THAT'S INCREDIBLE! I DON'T KNOW, MISS DAWES! IT MAY BE JUST COINCIDENCE! I'LL HAVE TO STUDY IT FURTHER!

HER HEART BEATING STRANGELY, JESSIE HURRIED TO MEET HARRY SLADE --



THOSE UNUSUAL FINDINGS OF DAN BOWERS -- THEY DISTURB ME -- AND SO DOES HE! GOLLY, MAYBE I'VE BEEN TOO HASTY -- MAYBE I DON'T CARE FOR HARRY AS MUCH AS I'D THOUGHT!

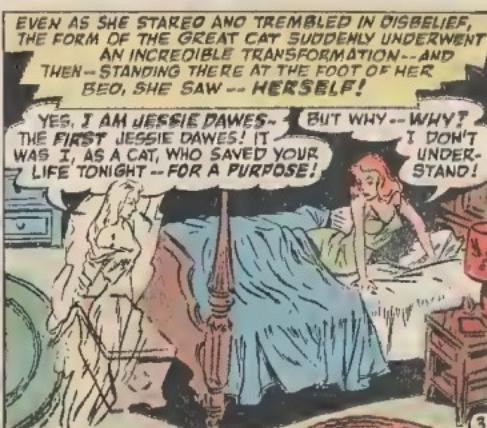
HMM, THAT'S FUNNY -- HARRY TOLD ME TO MEET HIM HERE, BUT THE PLACE IS DESERTED, EXCEPT FOR THIS CAT! HERE, KITTY -- NICE KITTY!



SUDDENLY, WITH A DEMONIAC SNARL, THE CAT LEAPED!

OH! HELP!







"SO IT WAS -- AND HERE AM I,
A FORLORN GHOST, DOOMED TO
ETERNAL WANDERING --"

FOR I HAVE VOWED
REVENGE -- AND EACH CENTURY
I RETURN AS A REINCARNATED
JESSIE DAWES! -- BUT, TWICE,
THE CLEVER FIEND HAS
OUTWITTED ME --
MURDERED ME!

AND NOW, THIS TIME,
I MUST WIN -- OR ROAM THE
TWILIGHT WORLD
FOREVER!

IS -- IS THERE
ANY WAY
I CAN
HELP YOU?

NO -- BECAUSE
THE ARCH-VILLAIN
IS FIENDISHLY
CLEVER! YOU
ARE TO BE HIS
NEXT
VICTIM!

AN ICY SHIVER OF FEAR CREST ALONG JESSIE'S
SPINE AS A DREAD QUESTION FORMED IN HER
BRAIN!

THE ARCH-VILLAIN?
WH--WHO DO YOU MEAN? --
WHO IS THIS
MONSTER?

YOUR
SWEETHEART--
HARRY
SLADE!

IT WAS SLADE WHO TRIED
TO KILL YOU WITH THAT
ROCK TONIGHT! AND IT
IS SLADE WHO WILL
NOT FAIL,
NEXT TIME!

I--I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT! I WON'T!

NEXT DAY, IN AN AGONY OF
DOUBT, JESSIE SOUGHT THE
AID OF THE ONE PERSON WHO
COULD HELP HER ...

... AND THAT'S
THE WHOLE STORY, I'LL CHECK ON
SLADE, FIRST!
MR. BOWER!
OH, WHAT CAN
I DO? MEANWHILE,
GET SOME REST
-- JESSIE!

A DAY OF FEVERISH RESEARCH
PRODUCED AWFUL
EVIDENCE!

THE
GIRL'S
OBVIOUSLY
OUT OF
HER MIND.
STILL -- I
WONDER --

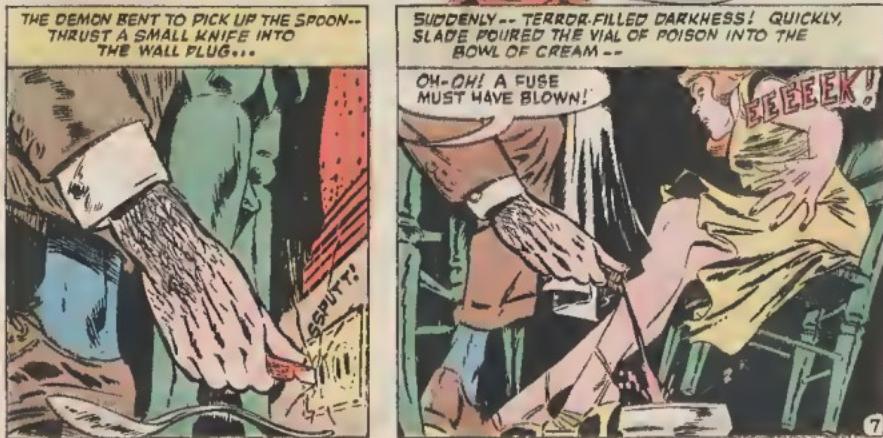
ACCORDING TO THE RECORDS,
HARRY SLADE WAS NEVER
BORN! HE APPEARED OUT OF
NOWHERE JUST BEFORE YOU
MET HIM! IT
MUST BE A
COINCIDENCE,
OF COURSE!

NO -- IT'S
ALL TRUE!
I'M
DOOMED!

NONSENSE! WE'RE GOING TO
BEAT THIS THING -- TOGETHER!
FIRST, TAKE ME TO SEE
THIS "GHOST"
OF YOURS!

BUT CAN HUMAN CLEVERNESS
DEFEAT THE ALL POWERFUL
INTELLIGENCE OF THE SUPER-
NATURAL? IN ALL OF HISTORY,
IT HAS BEEN DONE BUT RARELY --
AND THEN ONLY BY THOSE POSSESSED
BY SUPREME COURAGE!





GRUELLY TOYING WITH HIS VICTIMS, SATAN'S DISCIPLE VOLUNTEERED TO REPLACE THE FUSE--WHILE THE TWO MORTALS WAITED IN TERROR!

THE FUSE BOX IS IN THE CELLAR -- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

INSTANTLY, THE SILENT CAT RESUMED HER GHOSTLY SHAPE! AND THEN -- A MESSAGE OF HOPE!

SHH! .. SLADE FORGOT THAT CATS CAN SEE IN THE DARK! NOW -- QUICKLY-- DO AS I TELL YOU!

YES, ANYTHING-- BUT IT'D BETTER WORK!

WITH FEVERISH HASTE, DAN AND JESSIE FOLLOWED THE GHOST WHO WHISPERED INSTRUCTIONS! THEN, AS SLADE RETURNED --

WELL, THE LIGHTS ARE FIXED! -- SAY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CAT?

THE POOR THING-- TOO BAD! WONDER WHAT IT COULD HAVE BEEN?

MIGHT AS WELL FINISH OUR COFFEE! HERE'S YOURS, MR. SLADE!



THE FIEND, UNSUSPECTING, LIFTED THE CUP TO HIS LIPS! SUDDENLY, AS IF SEARING FLAMES WERE RACING THROUGH HIS EVIL VEINS --



AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT, HARRY SLADE HAD VANISHED INTO THE FOUL DEPTHS WHENCE HE HAD COME!

BY GEORGE! POURING THE POISONED CREAM INTO HIS CUP WORKED!

HE DIED BY HIS OWN HAND--AND WE'RE RID OF HIM FOR GOOD!



DAN -- THE CAT-- WHERE IS SHE?

SHE'S GONE, SWEETHEART.. AND THE SPIRIT OF JESSIE DAWES HAS FINALLY FOUND ETERNAL PEACE!



AND THUS DID THE FORCES OF GOOD SPAN THE CENTURIES TO DEFEAT EVIL--AS THEY WILL ALWAYS, TO THE END OF TIME!

The End.

Forest SPECTER

"IF YOU shout loud enough, the ghost will come to you!" Will Reade chuckled. "You lack the courage to call, man!"

Jim Allen winced beneath his companion's contemptuous stare.

Will Reade was not superstitious. He did not believe in ghosts, and the Whispering Cave at Glen Falls which they were rapidly approaching in his mud-spattered, rattling wreck of a car held no terrors for him.

But it pleased Reade to pretend otherwise. He suspected that the little scrawny man at his side was a coward, and the cruelty in his nature, his contempt for human frailty in any form, had made him determined to prove it.

The two men had been neighbors for five years, but otherwise they had little in common. Reade was a huge, powerfully built farmer who neglected his crops and his livestock, and spent most of his time in town carousing. Allen was a generous and hard-working little man, and his farm had prospered. He was a bundle of nerves, and too imaginative for his own good, but no one had ever before accused him of cowardice.

He turned now in angry defiance,

his dark eyes flashing. "All right, Will," he said. "The legend says the ghost will come out of the cave if you call out to it. If you're set on putting it to the test, I'm willing to be the guinea pig!"

The shadows of night were falling fast, and the countryside was chill and dismal. Mist rolled toward the car from both sides of the road, and writhed up before them in spectral challenge, assuming weird and mind-chilling outlines.

Reade was silent for a moment. Then he said, with grim satisfaction: "It's just around the next turn. Remember now. You've got to shout at the top of your lungs or the ghost won't hear you!"

A moment later he drew in to the side of the road, and halted the car before a solid wall of tangled vegetation.

"Come on!" he urged. "Let's see how good you are at summoning a ghost!"

The two men plunged into the wood, following a narrow path until they stood before an enormous, lichen-encrusted rock cavern surrounded by lightning-blasted trees and pools of still, dark water.

It had grown darker, and every

shadow seemed fraught with menace. But the cave held no terror for Will Reade. Standing directly before the narrow, weed-choked entrance, he had difficulty in suppressing his merriment, which was malicious and tinged with envy. He envied the little man beside him all the qualities which had made him prosperous and well-liked in the village—his generosity, his industry, his simple goodness.

Now he would be exposed for what he really was—a coward to his soles!

"Shout, man!" Reade taunted. "If you'll make the test and stand your ground you'll have something real fine to brag about. I'll back you up when you tell it."

Allen stood very still, his mouth as dry as death. He remembered the few words he was supposed to shout, but somehow he couldn't utter them.

"Go ahead, summon the ghost!" Reade prodded.

The words came then, in a feeble, wavering croak.

"Come out, come out! We are men and do not fear you!"

Reade turned abruptly, his eyes flashing in malicious triumph. "You cowardly fool!" he mocked. "What's happened to your voice?"

Allen stared wildly about him. His knees were knocking together,

and a horrible feeling of suffocation filled his chest.

"You cowardly fool!" Reade yelled, throwing aside all pretense. "I'll show you how a *man* can shout!"

In a deep booming voice which sent echoes rolling through the wood, Reade shouted to the ghost. "Come out, come out! *We're men and do not fear you!*"

There was only a faint stirring at first, a twisting and swaying of the foliage which choked the cave entrance. And then—something hideous that gleamed with a dull phosphorescence and raised claw-like hands in the gloom! Before Reade could cry out or spring back, the monstrous thing was upon him. It moved with a fearful agility, its empty eye-sockets filled with a weaving radiance, and its long yellow teeth bared in mindless malice.

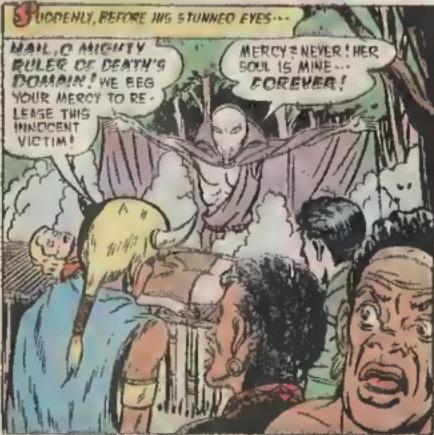
Reade's immense power helped him not at all. He screamed repeatedly as he felt his strength give out. Then the thing disappeared with him into the cave, and the screams were abruptly stifled. Almost, it seemed, with merciful intent, so that silence and peace could return to the wood.

Stunned and sick at heart, Allen stood for a moment in the stillness with dully beating heart, his eyes on the cave entrance. Then he turned and made his way stumblingly back to the road.

THE CONGO INTERIOR...IT SEEMED LIKE A WONDERFUL PLACE FOR A HONEYMOON! BUT DISASTER STALKED THE PERILOUS JUNGLE TRAILS AND DR. DANIEL MASTERS FOUND HIS BRIDE TAKEN FROM HIM FOREVER! ...UNLESS HE COULD RESCUE HER FROM THE GOD OF THE DEAD...IH...

The LAIR of LOST SOULS





**DEEP IN THE BROODING JUNGLE... WHERE STRANGE
CREATURES LURK IN THE OMINOUS SHADOWS...**

**WATCH CAREFULLY! ANY FALSE STEP
MAY BE OUR LAST!**

I... I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
THIS JOURNEY'S
FOR... BUT I...
TRUST
YOU!

**LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT, A MASS OF COILED FURY
STRIKES!**

AAGH! IT'S IS
THE SENTINEL
OF THE
DEAD!

WHA-...



**FINALLY, WITH THE TORTUOUS TRAIL
BEHIND THEM...**

**OUR JOURNEY IS NEARLY
OVER! ABOVE IS THE LAIR
OF LOST SOULS!**

**BUT STILL ANOTHER
OBSTACLE APPEARS?**

**UBANGA!
QUICK!
I CAN'T
LET GO...**

**BY THE POWER OF
THE WURUNJERI
... KILL, BLADE!**



AAT THE TOP OF THE CLIFF...



BUT DAN MISCALCULATES THE STRENGTH OF HIS GHOSTLY ADVERSARY...



CFREE FOR AN INSTANT...

THIS SHOULD SCRAMBLE YOUR BRAINS!

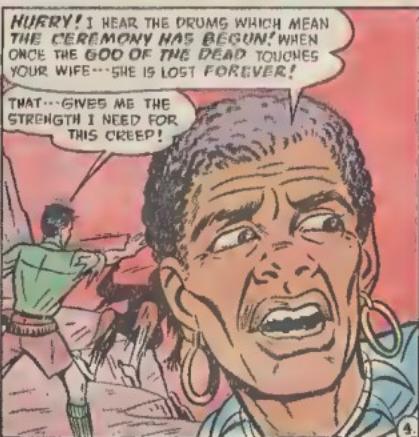


DUT AS DAN TURNS TO HELP UBANGA...

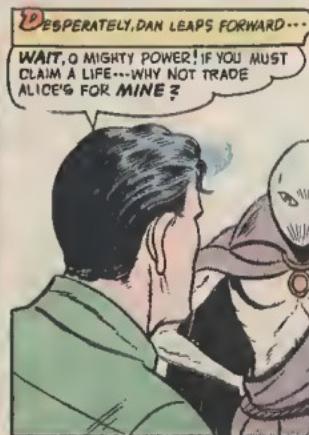
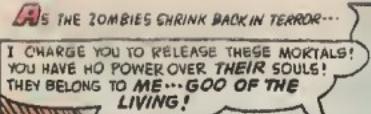


HURRY! I HEAR THE DRUMS WHICH MEAN THE CEREMONY HAS BEGUN! WHEN ONCE THE GOD OF THE DEAD TOUCHES YOUR WIFE---SHE IS LOST FOREVER!

THAT---GIVES ME THE STRENGTH I NEED FOR THIS CREEP!









MC 7.

UNCANNY MYSTERIES

The Horrifying Horoscope

ONE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING EXAMPLES OF AN ASTROLOGICAL PROPHECY COMING TRUE OCCURRED EARLY IN THE 18TH CENTURY IN INDIA---LAND OF OCCULT MYSTERIES! IT TOOK PLACE WHEN A HINDU ASTROLOGER WAS SEIZED BEHIND THE BRITISH LINES IN THE PUNJAB AND BROUGHT BEFORE LT. FONTSBURY, IN COMMAND OF THE OUTPOST...

SO YOU CLAIM TO BE AN ASTROLOGER, EH? WELL, YOU SEEM TOO HARMLESS TO BE A SPY, SO I'LL RELEASE YOU---BUT ONLY ON CONDITION THAT YOU READ MY HOROSCOPE!

GREAT CHIEFTAIN, TELL ME YOUR DATE OF BIRTH---AND I SHALL PRONOUNCE WHAT FATE THE STARS FORETELL FOR YOU!



AFTER THE LIEUTENANT GAVE HIS BIRTH DATE...

I SEE FORTUNE AND EVIL AHEAD OF YOU! WITHIN TEH REVOLUTIONS OF THE SUN AND THREE REVOLUTIONS OF THE MOON, YOU WILL BE A RICH LORD---AND YOU WILL RISE TO FORTUNE ON A LADDER MADE OF ELEVEN CORPSES! BUT THREE MORE REVOLUTIONS OF THE SUN AND TWO REVOLUTIONS OF THE MOON---AND SILK WILL CAUSE YOUR DEATH!... THE STARS HAVE SPOKEN!

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT SCOFFED AT THE PROPHECY ---BUT WITHIN TEN YEARS AND THREE MONTHS, HIS FATHER AND TEN OLDER BROTHERS HAD DIED, LEAVING HIM HEIR TO AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE! THE NEW LORD FONTSBURY RETURNED TO ENGLAND A NERVOUS MAN...

THE FIRST PART OF THAT HINDU'S PROPHECY DID COME TRUE! TEN REVOLUTIONS OF THE SUN AND THREE OF THE MOON ADD UP TO TEN YEARS AND THREE MONTHS ---AND I DID RISE TO FORTUNE ON A LADDER OF ELEVEN CORPSES! BUT NOW I---I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THE SECOND PART OF THE PROPHECY DOESN'T COME TRUE!



I FORBID THE USE OF ALL SILK IN THE CASTLE ---THERE'S NOT TO BE A SINGLE STRAND OF IT. HERE!

YES, M'LORD!



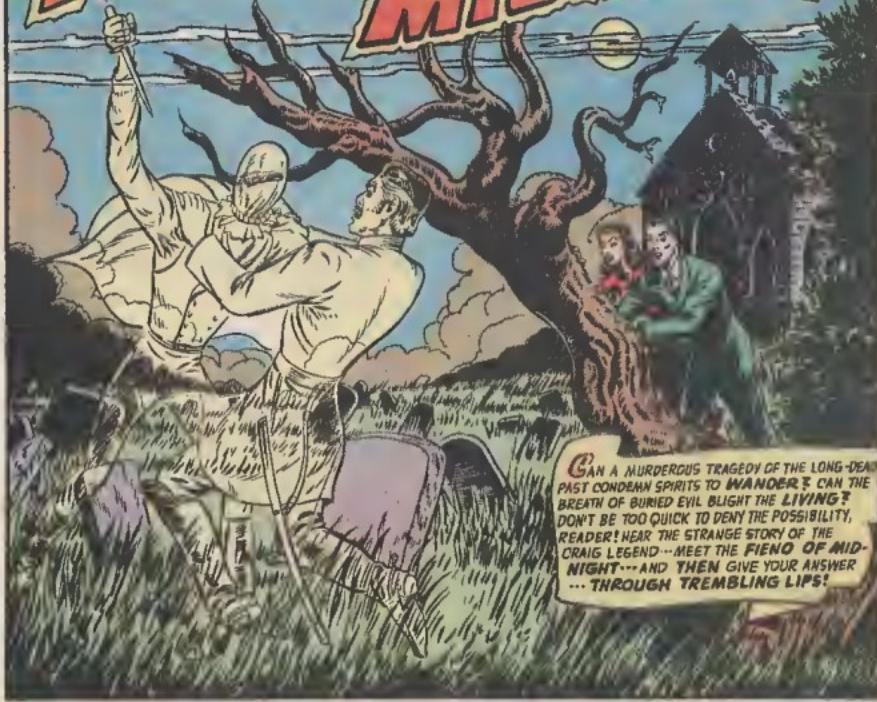
BUT LORD FONTSBURY RETURNED TO SERVICE IN INDIA WHEN FRESH TROUBLE BROKE OUT THERE---AND EXACTLY THIRTEEN YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS AFTER THE EPISODE WITH THE ASTROLOGER, HE WAS STRANGLED BY A FANATICAL THUG---WHOSE WEAPON WAS A SILKEN ROPE! THE STARS HAD FORETOLD HIS DESTINY!

THE PROPHECY ---AGH---IT---IS... FULFILLED!



THE END 3

FIEND of MIDNIGHT



CAN A MURDEROUS TRAGEDY OF THE LONG-DEAD PAST CONDEMN SPIRITS TO WANDER? CAN THE BREATH OF BURIED EVIL BLIGHT THE LIVING? DON'T BE TOO QUICK TO DENY THE POSSIBILITY, READER! HEAR THE STRANGE STORY OF THE CRAIG LEGEND--MEET THE FIEND OF MIDNIGHT--AND THEN GIVE YOUR ANSWER ... THROUGH TREMBLING LIPS!





"**T**HAT NIGHT, RODERICK FOUND THE OVERSEER PROWLING IN THE CHURCHYARD! THEN..."



"**B**UT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR FURTHER SEARCH... THE
EVIL OVERSEER WAS EXECUTED FOR HIS FOUL MURDER!
ON THE GALLOWS..."



"**E**NDSO IT HAS BEEN! THE CRAIG FORTUNE REMAINS
HIDDEN TO THIS DAY... AND THE SPIRIT OF THE OVERSEER,
NOW KNOWN AS THE FIEND OF MIDNIGHT, IS DOOMED TO
WANDER! IT WILL LOSE ALL MORTAL POWER AND RE-
TURN TO ITS GRAVE ONLY WHEN THE FORTUNE IS
FOUND BY ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER! TILL THEN...
IT IS FREE TO PREY UPON THE TERROR-
STRICKEN COUNTRYSIDE!"

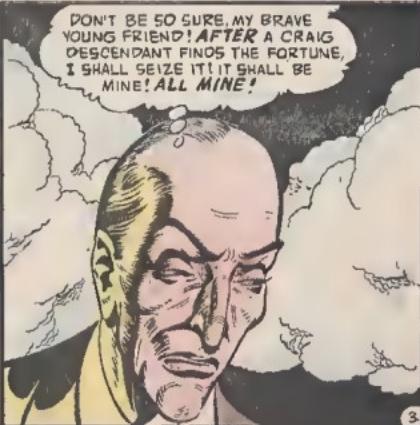


"...AND THAT'S THE STORY, MR.
CRAIG! SOME SAY THAT ONLY A
DECENDANT OF THE CRAIG
FAMILY SHALL BE ABLE TO FIND
THE HIDDEN FORTUNE... UN-
LESS THE FIEND OF
MIDNIGHT GETS
THERE FIRST!"



"**S**EVERAL DAYS LATER..."

TURN ONTO THAT ABANDONED
ROAD... TO THE RUINS OF THE
OLD MANSION! IT STILL BE-
LONGS TO THE CRAIG
FAMILY, THOUGH NO
ONE HAS LIVED THERE
FOR ALMOST A
CENTURY!



JOHN, LET'S TURN BACK!
I'M AFRAID! LET THE
DEAD DEAL WITH THE
DEAD! FORGET THE FOR-
TUNE! LIFE...AND THE
FUTURE...IS MORE
PRECIOUS TO US!

NO, RITA...THERE'S MORE
THAN A FORTUNE AT STAKE!
I AM THE LAST CRAIG...
AND I MUST SETTLE...
ONCE AND FOR ALL...
WITH THE FIEND OF
MIDNIGHT!



GATER...

WE'RE SEARCHED FOR
OURS! THIS IS THE
LAST ROOM...AND IT
MUST BE MY GREAT-
GRANDFATHER'S
STUDY! ISN'T THAT
HIS PORTRAIT
THERE?

THERE?

YES! IT IS SAID THAT AFTER
BEING STABBED BY THE
OVERSEER HE WAS
CARRIED UPSTAIRS TO
THIS VERY ROOM
...WHERE HE
DIED!



THE TREASURES NOT
HERE, EITHER!
BUT IT'S GOT
TO BE SOME-
WHERE...WE
MUST FIND
IT!

YES, AND WHEN
YOU DO...IT
SHALL BE
MINE!



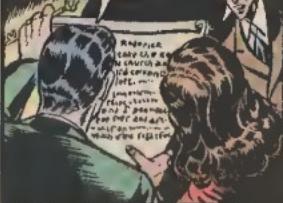
SUDDENLY...THE WALL AGAINST
WHICH JOHN IS LEANING GIVES
AWAY AND...

WHAT THE...?
IT'S A SECRET
COMPARTMENT!
AND WHAT'S
THIS?



WOW! OLD RODERICK MUST HAVE
PLACED THIS IN HERE BEFORE HE WAS
MURDERED! IT SAYS TO TAKE
THE KEY TO THE...

NOW THAT
OLD CHURCH AND
OPEN THE BASE OF
THE THIRD COLUMN
EAST OF THE CHORAL
LOFT! WHAT ELSE
CAN IT BE BUT THE
LOCATION OF HIS
TREASURE
TROVE?



HAND OVER THAT KEY!
UNTIL NOW I NEEDED
YOU...BUT NOW THAT
THE MONEY IS WITHIN
GRASP... YOU'RE
USELESS!

SO THAT'S YOUR
GAME! YOU'RE A TRAITOR
TO YOUR TRUST...LIKE MY
GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S
OVERSEER! AND YOU'LL
MEET THE SAME
FATE!



DIE, THEN! IT'S BETTER
THIS WAY... MUCH
BETTER! AND NOW
...THE KEY!

OH, YOU'VE
KILLED
HIM!





GOOD OLD RODERICK...HE'S WARNING US FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE! NOW WE KNOW THAT THE FIEND IS DEADLY DANGEROUS AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT---THAT HE CAN ATTACK, SLAY! WE'LL HAVE TO...THAT SOUND! WHAT IS IT?

IT'S THE OLD CHURCHBELL
---IT'S TOLLING!



AS THE OMINOUS KNELL ECHOES OVER THE MOLDERING ESTATE...



THE CHURCH BELL...IT STRUCK MIDNIGHT! AND THAT CRY FOR HELP! HE IS YOUR ANCESTRAL ENEMY!

BE CAREFUL, JOHN...
THUS PERISH ALL MORTALS WHO SEEK THE NIDDEN RICHES THAT I MYSELF COULD NOT FIND!

IT'S THE LAWYER...
HE'S KILLED HIM!
AND...
AND WE'RE NEXT!

NAH! NO MORTAL CAN HARM ME AT THIS TIME...NOT EVEN A CRAIG! NOW YOUR END IS NEAR!

HE...HE'S TOO STRONG FOR ME!



DEATH LOOMS CLOSER...CLOSER! BUT SUDDENLY...
A PHANTOM RESCUER!

YOU KILLED ME ONCE...BUT IT IS FORE-ORDAINED THAT OUR BATTLE CONTINUE! THIS TIME I FIGHT FOR THEM!

IT'S...IT'S THE GHOST OF MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER!

LEAVE, MORTALS... WHILE THERE IS STILL POWER WITHIN ME TO HOLD HIM OFF!

THE SPIRITS--THEY'RE RE-ENACTING THEIR MORTAL DRAMA!







FLASH!

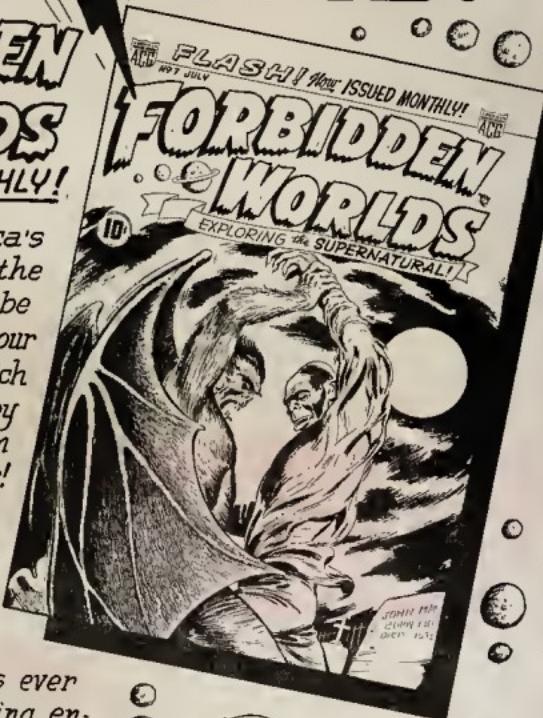
You asked
for it...

HERE IT IS!

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

Now APPEARS MONTHLY!

That's right... America's great magazine of the Supernatural can now be bought **EACH MONTH** at your favorite newsstand! Which means that you can enjoy twice as many thrills from the nation's favorite thriller! You'll gasp at zombies, ghosts, werewolves, vampires... twice as much as ever before! Explore the eerie Supernatural in the greatest, most challenging stories ever written! For spine-tingling entertainment that's tops, read



FORBIDDEN WORLDS

The MIRACLE
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

**PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED**

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.
610 Girod St., New Orleans 12, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. B. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME

ADDRESS

ADDRESS: _____

CITY _____ STATE _____